

H2O: Twin Tails

by inflict the odd

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Summary: Emily and Aimee were almost nothing alike. Not in looks. Not in personality. And now it seemed the only thing that marked them as twins has been corrupted- Their parents aren't who they think they are. Now the girls are going through life changes-Some a bit...Scale-ier than others.

## 1. Chapter 1

H2O: Twin Tales.

Chapter one:

They never really thought much about being 'twins'. Techniquely they were born on the same day. And techniquely they had the same parents. But they weren't related to those parents. They were both adopted by Lewis and Cleo McCartney. Thier adoptive parents were slightly too young and less attentive than most parents typically were. But they weren't really bothered by that. It did bother them when they got strange looks for not being identical.

Emily had short and curly blonde hair. Aimee had long brown hair. They were of similar height but Aimee was built smaller. Both had really blue eyes and long eyelashes. So, physically at least, they looked related, but not like you'd think twins would look.

Mostly they were nothing alike personallity wise. While they both recieved top marks in school, Aimee was consistantly in trouble. Emily stayed out of trouble, and ignored her 'twin's' eccentricities. Emily was polite and had several friends from youth groups and school. Aimee had few friends she met through her various adventures and schemes.

They stayed to themselves, not wanting to deal with the stares, doing their own thing and living their own lives. They often just looked blankly back at people who asked about their sister, much less their twin.

But recently, they had to notice each other. It was hard not to. Not with Lewis and Cleo talking about their birth parents. In whispers, quietly, in the middle of the night.

It started one night right before the start of the new school year with the girl's birthday right around the corner. Emily would have slept right through the entire conversation had it not been for Aimee, waking her up.

A hand covered her mouth and in the brief struggle, Emily saw long brown hair- Aimee's. Emily tried to make eye contact but Aimee was focused on Emily's door. The door was cracked a fraction of an inch, letting in a sliver of light and a mumble of noise. Emily studied her 'twin'. She was fully clothed in dark but not totally black clothing which strangely made her even harder to see in the mostly darkened room.

She smelled nice, Emily noticed. Sort of earthly and a bit like rain and cut grass. An adventure caused casualty Aimee would probably call it. Emily wondered briefly what the adventure was but was soon distracted by Aimee dropping off the bed and crouching to slowly move towards the door.

Emily mused on how strangely cool Aimee looked in her ridiculous pose and odd apparel and how odd it was that her booted feet made no noise on the usually creaky floor. Aimee didn't even have to glance back at her to know she was still laying down, bewildered. Aimee beckened her closer with a wiggle of handwarmer clad fingers.

Emily winced as the cool night air from her open window hit her bare arms. Knowing she had closed it before going to bed she glared at Aimee's back for a bit, uncomfortable in the thought that anyone could climb into her room at night. She padded over to her door sucking in a breath each time she made the floor creak but Aimee didn't seem worried so she knew they hadn't gotten caught yet.

"Wh-." Before Emily could even fully form the word Aimee's hand was back on her mouth, silencing her. Emily was quiet, then after a few minutes of Aimee not letting go, Emily closed her eyes and concentrated on just listening. When she did Aimee let go and scooted over so she could get closer and listen easier.

"Are you sure Lewis? I mean the girls have been in our care for so long. And they don't even know we're not their biological parents-" Cleo whispered faster and faster, each word a little louder than the last.

"Shh, Cleo, the girls are asleep." After an awkward moment of silence he spoke again. "I spoke with everyone and they're coming back- all of them, everyone." There was a brief struggle. "Cleo, Cleo, It's okay. It's not like they're going to walk through the door and announce they're their parents okay? They're going to ease their way into the girl's lives, get to know them."

"Yeah, great, so when they do find out they'll feel deceived and angry and and, oh Lewis. Lewis, can't we just, I don't know..." Cleo struggled to form a coherent sentence and Emily backed slowly away from the door, sitting against the foot of her bed. She stared

blankly at the door as the mumbles continued.

Aimee rested against the wall near the door keeping an ear to the conversation and an eye on Emily.

A while later, Aimee focused her undivided attention on Emily, the hall light went off, and she knew they'd gone to bed.

The 'twins' stared blankly at one another for a bit before Aimee moved, sitting next to Emily. She kept a bit of distance between them, feeling awkward around her supposed sister and not quite knowing what she thought or felt. "They were talking about that when I got back, thought you'd like to listen in." Aimee drew her knees to her chest, elbows against knees.

Emily drew it a deep breath and slowly let it out. Aimee fiddled with one of her many bracelets. "I like my life. I don't want...I really just can't...This is-"

Aimee shushed her quietly. "They'll hear."

Emily was quiet for a bit then turned to Aimee with a determined look on her face. "Got back from where?"

Aimee smiled at her. "Somewhere you won't be shushed if you want to yell."

Emily thought for a moment more. "Take me there?"

"Get Dressed."

x X x

It took some time to pick out clothing. Mostly because Emily was trying to just throw on something and Aimee was making quiet suggestions. "Put on something darker, doesn't have to be black, just darker." "Think warmer, layers, it'll be chilly this time of morning." "Have it cover more, mosquitos."

In the end, Emily was in cotton pj pants, a t-shirt, and a black sweat shirt. They slipped out of Emily's room and down the stairs. Aimee shoved a pair of old brown boots at Emily, leading the way out the door and into the early morning air.

They walked mostly in silence, Aimee walking a bit ahead of Emily to lead the way. Occasionally they dodged through fences and on several paths. Finally they got to the very end of the beach, still in the trees that lined it. Here's where Aimee calmly pointed out a small motorboat. "Where exactly are we going?" Emily asked sceptically, but feeling more excited than nervous.

Aimee looked at her, really looked at her. Eyes squinted a bit and a serious expression on her face. Emily took this time to notice Aimee as well. Noting her dark zipped up hoodie with both a tank top and a t-shirt layered under it, her black skinny jeans which were riddled with enough holes that she needed to wear leggings under it, her tall boots, and her various odds and ends that completed the ensemble.

Aimee smiled at her, face alive with excitement. "Trust me?"

Emily smiled back, "Enough to go somewhere with you in a boat at the crack of dawn."

Aimee looked up at the sky, eyes crinkled in the corners, biting an edge of her bottom lip. "Good enough for me." She said shrugging it off. "Mako Island."

The boat ride was nothing new to either of them. They didn't talk, just sat and steered. When they finally got to the island they both picked a tree close to one another, facing each other, waited until the other girl had gotten situated, and began to talk.

"I worry now, every woman I meet, every man, I'll wonder if it's them. I'll wonder why and what and when. I like my life. I like Mom and Dad...Cleo and Lewis...No they're Mom and Dad, you know?" Emily said, calmly in spite of the fact that she could in fact yell and scream now.

"Yeah, I definately know what you mean." Aimee said. "But isn't it, just a little bit, I don't know, odd to you?"

"What do you mean?" Emily asked.

"Why now, why after 13 years, How do Mom and Dad know our biological parents, and-" Aimee hesitated.

"And what?" Emily asked.

"And are we even twins? Biologically, really, really twins?"

## 2. Chapter 2

H2O: Twin Tails

Chapter Two:

They sat under their respective trees in an awkward and intense silence. Emily blinked back her hurt and tears and tried to remain vaguely thoughtful on the outside. But the thought had ocured to her, many times with her differences from her sister. Yet the thought of those petty ponderings being true-

"You already thought we weren't." Aimee said interrupting her thoughts. When Emily looked at her in surprise, Aimee's pretty doe like eyes were near cerulean and dark with anger. "I knew you had. Ever sense that first day of school, when Ashley Jane Holden and Elizabeth Marie Bremms asked why we were dressed just alike...you changed Emmy."

Emily was momentarily stunned, Liz and Lee? First day of school? "Wait you mean first day, first day? Kindergarden first day? You remember the first day of kindergarden?" It was the only time they allowed twins in the same class.

"I remember a lot of things you forgot." Aimee said before takeing a chunk of string from her pocket, one side was knotted and she safty pinned it to the rip in the knee of her pants, artfully knotting it into a bracelet. Emily watched her for a long moment.

"That's not true. Not at all. You're the one that's different." Emily's voice had finally reached her desired yell. "You're not like anyone here, or at school. You're only friends are from your so-called 'adventures'," here she paused to make quotation marks with her fingers. "You're a freak," She said decisively. "And I don't know why everyone else thinks you're so cool. You're just a nobody." She made a strangled sound of frustration. "A no good, emotionless, over analytical automaton. You do crazy half-brained stunts, you know too much about everything, you wear outrageous clothes, and-"

"And you mean none of what you say because deep down, you felt like you could be me too, because you're my twin. And you are. Genetically maybe not." Aimee put the string in one of her many pockets. "But inside you're almost exactly like me. And you can't stand it."

Aimee calmly got up and walked back toward the boat. "Where are you going?" Emily called after her.

"You want to go home. I'm taking you there." Aimee retorted walking swiftly away. After a long moment, Emily followed.

"I-, What I said was-," Emily began.

"What you said was the first sincere thing you've said to me in many, many years." Aimee cleared her throat, which sounded sore. Emily winced knowing Aimee had probably talked more tonight to her today than she had in a whole year.

They were quiet as Aimee tried to start the boat. It didn't work. She tried once more and then started off in another direction. "Where are you going? Aimee?"

"I," She pointed vaguely towards her chest. "Am getting us," She motioned between them. "Out of the cold." Emily took a look at her and then the temperature hits and she shivers. Right. So, shelter.

"What's wrong with the boat?" Emily asked as they walked over tree roots and shrubbery. Aimee didn't answer, just kept walking confidently towards a unknown location. Emily heard a rather...slithering sound next to her foot and ran until she was walking side-by-side with Aimee. "Where are we going?"

Some time passed and they kept walking further and further from the boat. "Are you ignoreing me?" More time passed. "Please stop. You're being childish. Aimee? Aims? Hello?" Aimee took in a deep breath and stopped, swivelling around to glare at Emily. Emily, blinking in momentary confusion, stopped a few steps later. When Emily met Aimee's gaze she knew Aimee was thinking something mischievious.

She was then proven right when Aimee took off running, following a nearby river. "Aimee, wait up!" Emily followed and they ran until they got to a waterfall. "Well what now?" Emily asked. "Aimee? Aimee?" Aimee walked up to Emily and walked right off the cliff seperating their rock from the one the waterfall was crashing down. "Oh my god! Aimee!" Emily peered down to see where in the water Aimee had fallen, hoping she hadn't hit any rocks.

Only to see a wide opening into a cave she just bet Aimee had

already known was there. "That wasn't funny!" She screamed angrily only to hear laughter. "I'm coming in!"

"Then jump already!" Aimee screamed back. Emily took her time but eventually was hanging by her hands with her feet fractions of an inch from the opening of the cave. After adjusting her grip and counting to three twice she yelled back.

"I can't! I'm stuck!"

There was a brief pause before Aimee yelled back. "You're kidding right?"

"No!" Another pause followed and Emily decided to keep yelling. "This is all your fault. Stupid talk. Stupid parents. Stupid Mako Island. I don't even like hiking! Or Caves! I hate boating even! I don't like serious conversations where we fight. Especially when your supposed to be on my side in this! I hate that your hairs straight and mine's curly. I quite like being blonde though, not to say there's anything wrong with being a brunette, on you it's quite fetching even, but honestly. I am truly and most certainly stu-"

Emily started screaming when a very wet Aimee grabbed her by the wrists and dropped her into the cave opening. "You big baby." Emily slid down and landed with a gasp. Aimee slid down after her.

"Great now we're both stuck in this cave." Emily said moodily. She took a look around. "How'd you get up there anyway? From down here, there's not a way I wouldn't see you coming from."

Aimee pointed at the round pool of water in front of them. "There's an opening, I swam through and walked back."

"Wait, does that mean you weren't listening to me? Because I really was stuck you know and I would've rather had emotional support than getting dropped into a cave. Because that's what you did. You dropped me into a cave. Who drops people in caves anyway?"

Aimee sighed and handed Emily a round bit of metal. Emily stared at it before getting very angry and very shocked. "Is that the boat's sparkplug? You broke our boat? Who breaks a boat? Especially when they want to go home-"

"I didn't." Aimee interrupted. Emily stared at her without comprehension for a bit.

"You didn't break the boat? Then why are you carrying a bit of boat around with you then? Who does that?"

"I didn't technically break the boat I just disassembled it for a bit so you wouldn't go back there all mad at them and me. You needed time." Then she started to pull plastic bags full of weird looking candy out. "Want a bit of rock candy?"

"No, no I do not want anything to do with your multicolored, sugar impregnated, rock resembling, foreign pieces of-Ahhhhh!" Emily screamed as she saw a spider next to her face. In her defence it was at least two inches by three in body alone. She scrambled up from her place on the cave's floor and ran through the sand to stand right before the pool before whirling to face Aimee. "And another thing-"

Emily screamed again as she lost footing and fell into the pool.

When she surfaced it was to see Aimee desperately struggling to keep a straight face. Tears literally welled up in her eyes and her cheeks flushed from effort.

"Go on, laugh before you hurt yourself." Emily said and Aimee did. Laugh that is. She laughed so infectiously Emily joined in. They eventually calmed down, still laughing sporadically.

"I'm laughing so hard I'm sweating," Aimee said a while later. "Here," She said holding out a hand to help Emily out of the pool. Emily grasped it firmly, and used it to pull Aimee in. When they finally surfaced, laughing and splashing and playing and, for the first time since they heard the news, happy.

"Look, what the heck is that?" Emily asked pointing to the hole directly about them.

"It's a hole in the ceiling." Aimee said patronizingly.

"I meant what's in the sky." Emily said, a bit huffily but still happy.

"The moon," Aimee said after looking at it for a minute and observing.

"The moon isn't out during the day, Aimee." Emily said teasingly before the water started to bubble up around them. "Oh my gosh!" Emily struggled and lifted herself out of the water. She was about to ask Aimee what she thought was wrong with the pool when she realized Aimee, who'd been in the middle of the pool, was nowhere to be seen under the layers of bubble and, oddly glow. With a cussword that sounded odd for her to say, to her own ears, but fit the situation perfectly, Emily dove into the bubbling and glowing water again to lug her twin up to shore.

Directly in the middle of the pool, Aimee was staring up at the moon she could barely see for the sun light and the water over her head. She felt Emily's hand gripping hers tightly, trying to pull her to the surface. She made a brief wish, and closed her eyes, dragging Emily down a bit when she relaxed and stopped swimming in place.

### 3. Chapter 3

H2O: Twin Tales

#### Chapter Three

Aimee eventually opened her eyes. Emily was panicking next to her in the boat which was steadily bringing them closer to their coast, leaving Mako Island further and further behind.

Aimee slowly sat up and Emily and her shared looks. Aimee's was stoic and Emily's relieved. Emily open her mouth to say some such or another when Aimee caught sight of shore.

Lewis was standing facing the closed down restaurant and talking to Cleo about something. Aimee and Emily shared another look. This one was identical and full of

'Oh-my-gosh-this-just-can't-be-happening-please-just-let-us-drown-just-right-now-thank-you-and-please.' At the last possible moment Aimee grabs Emily by the neck and forces her to lay flat against the bottom of the boat. But not before a tall brown haired man caught Aimee's gaze. They stared at each other for a fraction of a second but to her relief, he said nothing. Well, nothing to or about her. Instead he asked Lewis a question she couldn't quite hear and lead Lewis and Cleo away.

They docked the boat and started running home. They got there they ran up to their rooms changing clothes as quickly as possible. Emily pulled on blue jeans, a light blue v-neck that had pink stitching to look inside out, and ran down to pull on some pink flip flops. She then waited for Aimee.

Aimee tugged on a black lace tank top and a matching off-the-shoulder shirt over her teal colored skinny jeans before looping a large yellow frayed bandana around her neck, cowboy-style. She preceeded to pack several boxes of candy, a water bottle, electronic games, and a set of adventure friendly tools in her mini backpack. She then slipped on her dark green converses and was ready to go.

Emily jumped when someone knocked on the window. Emily sent a deserate look up the stairs as if that alone would make Aimee appear. She slowly turn to see none other than Aimee looking at her through the window like she was a dunce. "What are you doing?" Aimee asked.

"Waiting-" Emily walked out the door and continued talking. "Waiting for you to come downstairs." Aimee looked at her blankly.

"Other than last night, I've used the window. For like, years. Honestly I do not know when you guys repainted the door that shade of purple."

"It's not purple it's eggplant."

"Then eat it."

"Bite me." After a brief pause, "Ouch! Don't really bite me, I'm sensitive."

"More like senile."

Aimee smiled when Emily couldn't come up with a comeback. They reached the end of thier cul-de-sac and they both started walking in different directions. "Wait!" Emily called "Where are you going?" Aimee glaced behind her and smiled. "Just going away then?" Aimee walked backwards and waved. "Fine, fine, bye." Emily sighed heavily and continued on her way, heading towards the beach.

Aimee's Point of view.

I heard Emily sigh but honestly if she wanted she could've tagged along. But oh well. I know she's not quite ready for it, yet.

I head down towards a different section of beach than the location I



knew Emily would immediately go to. When I go I notice two cars parked near our house that I've never seen before. I briefly wondered whose they were but ultimately I didn't care badly enough to stake them out.

I continued on my way, dodging the people and fences, thinking hard about Mako Island and talks recently easedropped on and participated in. I didn't really notice when I walked into someone but I did notice that 1. The bump made me fall backwards into Mrs. Lenard's yard (She a widow with a ton of cats, stake out her house last week on a whim.). 2. The person I bumped was the same guy that saved Emily and me from groundation. And 3. Mrs. Lenard's sprinklers were on.

Emily's point of view.

When I arrived at the beach I noticed Liz and Lee already tanning and I morned that I had left my bikini at home. They caught sight of me and waved me over, I went feeling vaguely as if I were betraying Aims.

"Hey Em, what's up?" Lee said, always the first of us to start talking. I debated what to tell them when I heard my name being called from behind them.

"Emily! Where've you been all day?" Cleo asked. She hadn't notice how long we've been gone because she didn't sound worried. Lewis was behind her talking to three blonde women I've never seen before.

"Nowhere Mom, who are all these people?"

"Emily come meet your...your aunts: Bella, Emma, and..." Cleo was interrupted by a blonde with piercing cerulean blue eyes and a soft voice.

"I'm Rikki."

#### 4. Chapter 4

H2O: Twin Tails

Chapter Four

Aimee's Point of view:

Aimee felt strange. So very, very odd. She struggled to sit up, then fell back onto the wet ground. Arms spread wide and quite dazed, she vaguely noticed the man speak. He soon became aware of this and bent holding up some fingers of one hand. Aimee decided she couldn't be bothered trying to guess how many -what with him waving them around like that- and soon shut her eyes.

Upon this action she deduced the man was very rude. Heroic and all not to turn them in like that. But tragically rude.

You see, he started shakeing her, talking very crossly and loudly, and he picked her up. Let me reiterate, He PICKED her up. Like a princess. In front of god and everybody. Well, everybody on the empty

street. But still. Anyone could've seen. Reputation ruiner. Not that her reputation wasn't ruined enough but- "You're really, very tall."

Huh, Aimee squeezed her eyes shut with more purpose, having just spoken aloud. And to say such a ridiculous thing too. Oh the travesty.

"Are you alright?" He asked, carrying her. Again, reideration-CARRYING.

"Just peachy and you?" She peeked open her eyes and quickly shut them again when the sun seemed to scorch them.

"No really, How are you feeling?" Aimee turned her head and carefully moved her features into what would have been a glare. You know. If her eyes were open. Right.

"Like a princess." She stated, dripping sarcasm. He merely laughed and she gave him props. Supposing she had helped someone out like this sarcasm would've been the deciding factor in the Imma-Just-Gunna-Drop-You debacle.

"Well, can you walk?" He asked still carrying her ever further.

"No, but then again all I wanted to do was nap."

"In the sprinklers? On a Lawn? During the day?"

Aimee was quiet for a moment before asking, "What is this the Spanish Inquisition?" She sighed while he laughed- again. He's very repitious. "Don't judge me."

As he continued walking- and Aimee now knew the destination was her own house by direction of foot steps alone- Aimee peeked once more, noticeing only two things this time.

1. The was a large crowd of people in front of her house to see her being carried- joy. And 2. The moon was still out and the sun was going down, leaving her very wet and very cold.

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><p>Emily's point of view:<p>

Emily was silent on the way home. She stuck with Cleo mostly, stareing alternatively at any of the three blondes like they'd fallen from the sky to slay her and her non-existant dog.

When they got there she saw something quite strange. Aimee, being carried. No seriously. It's unprecedented. The last time Aimee had been picked up she was four and screamed on and on about having legs and thier general function until their parents let her toddle along after them.

"Are you dieing!? Oh No, You can't die! You're so young, it's not fair! Oh cruel world and your instantaneous issues!" Emily cried, realizing something must be wrong.

"Leave my issues out of this." Aimee said. But she said it faintly,

like she was hurt.

"I knew it, you have issues! Call a doctor, call an ambulance, and for the love of that one shade of green- you know the one we saw at the mall and you said you 'didn't like it' and I said it 'was lovely' and you said 'No, I really don't like it' and I said 'I'd paint my room that color' and you said if I 'liked it so much' I should 'marry it' and then you took the loudspeaker mic and announced to the entire mall that my 'wedding was taking place in sears and there'd be free cake' and then we were stampeded like Mufasa in The Lion King by tons of people-"

"I remember. It was Pepper Grass. Still hate it."

"Anyway, Mrs. Interrupt, For the love of-"

"Pepper Grass."

"Someone call dad!" Emily finally finished. There was a silence.

"She was taking a nap. In the sprinklers. In a lawn. In the middle of the day." The man carrying Aimee clarified for Cleo.

"Tattletale." Aimee stated. "I am feeling poorly though."

"Can you walk?" Cleo asked coming forward to feel Aimee's forehead.

"Sense I turned 2 months old."

"Not what I meant."

"Yeah, no point in being bipedal if I couldn't." Aimee was set down and sent to the bath to warm up.

A while later, as her caring sister, Emily dutifully went to bring her a towel when Cleo remembered she'd just folded the vast majority of every towel they owned.

"Aimee, I brought up a towel for you." Emily called through the door.

"Um, no, no you didn't." Aimee said, coming out of the bathroom absolutely dry. "You know what? Thinking I was dieing must have been exhausting, you take the next bath. I insist." And with that, Emily was shoved into the bathroom, towel and all.

Emily blinked, confused but willing to roll with her sister's awkwardness. She could use a bath. And Aimee had almost died, so it made sense to humor her.

Emily started the bath, before remembering she needed to get out her luffa and turned to get it. She tripped on the floor mat, landing with a small thud.

"You too?" Aimee called from right behind the door.

"Um, yeah I guess we need a new floor mat if it's tripping everyone." She heard Aimee sigh in frustration and wondered at it. "Did you

forget something?"

"No, don't mind me." Aimee called back.

Emily shrugged and went back to test the water, falling again when something- something really really really weird- happened to her legs.

Aimee knocked on the door and heard a soft "Oh no, come in, no wait don't, oh gosh, my legs, am I dead, that's weird, and Aimee!"

Aimee rushed in smileing and then repeated, "You too?"

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><p>Cleo's point of view:<p>

Cleo walked up the stairs to check on the girls, and noticed the door to the bathroom was slightly ajar. Peeking in she saw the girls having a heart to heart and smiled, leaving them to it. As she walked down the stairs she thought back on what she saw and remembered something not-quite-right about it. Had that been a tail? No, no her eyes must have been playing tricks on her.

Right?

Before she could sneak another peek, the bathroom door closed all the way and made the telltale clink it does when the door locks.

But really it couldn't have been.

Could it?

## 5. Chapter 5

H2O: Twin Tails

### Chapter Five

Emily had a tail. A pearly white, kind of smoky like an opal tail. When she moved it- and yeah that felt so very weird- it shined rainbows of colors as if the scales were painted. Near where hip met tail there was a black pearl like sash crisscrossing pattern. Her top was like a bikini top and matched her scales perfectly. Small dorsal fins and one large mono fin came from her tail, not changing color but staying the smoky opal color. And the look on her face was absolutely priceless.

"Aimee, Aimee, I think I broke my legs." Aimee blinked down at her.

"You look nothing like me." Aimee said a bit poutily.

"Well, it's not like we're Twins or anything." Emily joked.

"Hardy Har Har, My scaley sister. Very witty."

Emily scooched over in the tub so there was room for them to sit side-by-side. "Show and tell time."

"No," Aimee said quickly, "I look weird. Not like you at all."

"Come on Aimee, show me." Aimee waited a while before shrugging off her insecurities and dunking an arm into the water.

Just like Emily she appeared to be made of water, and that's basically where their similarities ended.

Aimee had a tail. It was almost clear in places, invisible clear, as in they saw everything under it invisible. Then she moved it. As it moved, you could see the electric blue and teal streaks, bold and swirled like marble on her bright white tail. And that was only the scales. She had sheer skirts of membrane, like a jelly fish, and dorsal fins. Her monofin was wide and appeared tattered at the ends. Her belly was framed by scales trailing up her hips and ribcage to her top which was wildly patterned as well.

Then she went still again, invisible all over. Emily moved her head and could sort of see her in depth differences. As in the wall being a bit too close.

"Woah, cool." Emily said, "you look great."

"You can't see me." Aimee retorted.

"Well, no but that in and of itself is pretty neat." Emily countered. Aimee flailed for the hair drier coming back into sight, missed and hit the light switch instead, and the light went off. A split second passed and Aimee's streaks, not only on her scales but inside her body, started to glow. As in bioluminescent.

Emily opened her mouth to said something, anything when Aimee turned to her slowly and said, "Not one word, Em, not one."

They sat in silence for a minute before Aimee stopped sulking, turned the light back on, grabbed a hair drier, and started, well, drying.

Emily asked, "Who do we tell?"

Aimee's head snapped up. "No one, are you crazy?"

"What do you mean? We have to tell someone."

"No, no we do not." They were quiet again. "Who was that guy? Did you catch his name?"

"Better yet, who are all of those people downstairs?" Emily asked. "What do we do about them? They outnumber us and frankly, if they are who I reckon they are--"

"We treat them like we treat everyone. Or how I treat everyone. I don't know what exactly we're going to do yet," Aimee replied, "But it's not going to be pretty."

Emily was confused but then remembered Aimee's own twisted version of welcoming guests into the house- pranking them. This time, it seemed Emily was included in on it. And instead of worrying her-which it really just should- it excited her.

Time to welcome some guests.

(A/N: This portion updated early because \*Happy face\* people are actually reading it. Thank you for reviewing. I read them and it kicked me into gear. I will update more regularly now. {Maybe} [I hope.] )

## 6. Chapter 6

H2O: Twin Tails

### Chapter 6

It started out innocently enough. Extra spice within the soup at the dinner the guests stayed for. A pretend chokeing by Emily. Who insists it wasn't pretend sort of. But really who chokes on soup? No one. That's who.

Then it progressively downspiraled into thin but durable rubber bands holding down the spray feature of thier kitchen sink. Into temporary dye on seat cushions. Into a great many things that Emily was both terribly ashamed of, yet awfully proud of.

It was a heady feeling. Victoriously strengthened by Aimee who as co-conspirator and mastermind had everything they needed in a seemingly innocent pocket. When they were sent to thier rooms- without cinnamon soup- Aimee snuck into Emily's window with her backpack full of comfort foods. They snacked on chips of many flavors, made a plethora of foreign do-it-yourself candies, and eventually Aimee snuck out the window to recieve a pizza she'd ordered before coming to Emily's room.

Aimee plucked out her Ipad and they used a robot shaped earphone splitter- which Emily hadn't even known existed- to watch movies in the comfort of thier own headsets. They ended up taking them off though and making up lines wildy inappropriate for the supposed settings.

At midnight they headed into the kitchen, not to raid about for food, but to rather to put food dye in the most appealing foods. At one, when Aimee insisted thier parents were in thier deepest of sleeps, they made muffins with pancake batter. Those they ate.

After that they cleaned up as best as they could. And went up stairs to Emily's room. It was only then, when the morning was still, when the fun was over, did they look at each other in shock. No longer the children they clung to being. The childishness they demonstrated so willingly, justifiably.

They were mermaids. Merfolk. Fish people. Sirens.

"You know what the first thing we need to do is right?" Emily said as seriously as she could.

"Yeah, we need a cool nickname-ow!" Emily hit Aimee's arm and rolled her eyes.

"No, we need to tell someone. Anyone."

"What and get dissected?" Emily visably deflated.

There was an awkward silence. Emily blinked the tiredness from her eyes. She blinked even more wondering when her life had gotten so complicated.

Aimee blinked, too. She then swore creatively, "My job."

"Huh?" Emily questioned back.

"The one where I tell people about our reefs and marine life and get wet?" Aimee reminded Emily and Emily started to panic.

"Now we must tell someone, oh not your boss, a friend. Yes, what's that one guy's name you used to hang out with loads? The one who ate all my starbursts-"

"Him buying the last pack in the vending machine before you went up to it-"

"Means he stole mine, yes I know. Who does that anyway?" Emily continued being Emily for a while, just complaining.

"What am I going to do for work, Emily?" Aimee asked, cutting Emily off nicely.

"Ask the boy to cover your shift, then quit." Emily said. "Or switch jobs to something not marine related. Like the ticket lady or the uh, um, place people with the thing."

Aimee knew what she was talking about. The plays. And the boy Emily was talking about? Brenden Benjamin. The ex-boyfriend. Aimee's ex that is. Long woeful story short: they thought they'd be together forever, he visited his mom in Ireland, and they haven't gotten back together sence. Not to Aimee. Brenden is under the impression Aimee's been playing hard to get. For a few months. Yeah.

Aimee knew, just knew, asking Brenden- the supervisor of the plays- was a bad as in bad for the heart idea. But what choice did she have?

Emily took Aimee's silence as agreement. She wondered how they'd tell their parents. She wondered if she had met their real parents today. She wondered how twin like they seemed right now, clearly closer than they'd been in years. Finally she wondered quite honestly, who steals a girl's starbursts? Honestly.

Aimee's Point of View:

She got ready with the air of someone being lead to the gallows. Emily was deep asleep because they'd dropped into dreamland together not five hours ago.

Aimee smoky'd her eyeshadow, teaseed her hair into a long brown mane, debated clothing before angrily telling herself it wasn't a date, and ended up back where she started the day- in the shower.

This time she made sure her teeth were brushed and her face

moisturized before doing a simple natural look and brushing her hair into the pin straight length it was supposed to be. She pulled on her tightest tank top though. For luck. She put a logo'd, thin, and sleeveless hoodie on over it, black hugging jeans under it, and accessorized heavily. Like it was her armor and he had, like, an axe or something.

She pouted as she pulled on socks and combat boots. She pouted as she walked to work. She even pouted as she explained her nausea to her boss and asked to work in a non-fishy environment.

Her boss- lovely man- was very simpathetic. Even more so when he called his favorite employee Brenden over. "Hey, Bren, you need extra hands on stage? Little Meemee-" Yes, he calls her Meemee, no she doesn't like it. "Here needs a break from the fish."

Brenden's face lit up like Christmas tree and Aimee didn't doubt he'd've fired someone then and there to make necessary extra hands. "Always got room for Aimee." 'Yeah, that's why you left me,' Aimee though furiously. 'Not to be single in Ireland. Not to meet Irish girls. To always have room for Aimee. Poor, let's-take-a-break-or-I'll-miss-you-too-badly Brenden keeping room for little old me. I'm all aflutter.' Aimee kept the annoyance down, swallowed her pride, and smiled.

Brenden was stareing at her, a bit in awe. As was her boss, who probably knew the whole story. Aimee just rolled with it. Brenden hurried to get her going on her new tasks, setting up the stage. He helped her learn the ropes quickly and she despaired as the tasks were working right along side him. Which she knew, just knew, he could've done quicker without a newbie in tow. When all they had left to do was watch and assist when needed they sat down on a large concrete ledge, facing the left side of the stage.

The look on his face had given her an idea. Killing with polite kindness. I'd be like they never met before. A fresh start in the friend zone.

"How was Ireland?" She asked when they'd prepared and checked everything, and had sat to watch and wait for any mistakes, errors, and the like.

Brenden took in a shocked breath before doing that thing she'd always hated. He gave her is complete and undivided attention. "It was...interesting. My mom is visiting down here all this month." He said not taking his eyes off her and leaning closer.

Leaning with Brenden Benjamin is sort of looming. He's six foot three, beach blonde, and built. "That must be fun." Aimee said glancing through the list on her clipboard and glazing forward because someone had to do work around here and-

"I missed you, wrote to you. I called but your mom said you weren't home." He said. Aimee's tummy took some tumbles. Guess his break didn't stop the blues. Joy. 'Friend zone, friend zone,' Aimee thought.

"Yeah, I was rather busy." She said trying to make herself busy right then but it didn't work. He still carried on, this time with a heavy hand on her shoulder and a too serious look on his face.



"With who?" He asked angrily. But not as if he was angry with Aimee. In fact to her it sounded like he was jealous. Oh how the mighty have fallen Bren.

"People." She joked before he slid off the wall and stood in from of her, his large arms coming down like steel to either side of her body. He stooped down for eye contact and the look on his face wasn't so funny this time. It sort of made her want to cry.

"What people? Why today, Aimee? Why right now? Did my mother talk to you? Aimee whatever she said, it'll be alright. It's only in water and- and, god Aimee." Hearing him say so much was rare. Hearing him stumble over words rarer. "Who did you hang out with?" He asked gently, not meeting my eyes.

"Just random people. Good people, Bren. What do you mean why what do you want to know?" Aimee asked.

"Why willingly come near me now?" Brenden said. "I know you, I already know I hurt you worse than this amount of time calls for. I already know you hung out with both Ned Turpin and Jamal Heinz while I was gone, though they claim nothing happened even after I broke both their noses. I already know my mom wanted to talk to you before she left on my behalf. Now, tell me why today."

Aimee looked deep into Bren's eyes and smiled a bit. Emily wanted to tell people anyways right? "Meet me at our pool." Aimee said.

Bren froze a bit. "Why? Can't we meet at another-"

Aimee covered his mouth with her hand. "Nope. I haven't seen your mom. Ned deserved the broken nose because he has wondering hands, and Jamal really didn't deserve much of anything, he just was there and could sit for an hour or so while I baked. And I have a huge secret to tell you. At and only at our pool." Aimee stood from the wall as well looking up into Bren's eyes. "I missed you too Bren. A lot. So, be there okay?"

And then, anticlimactically but cutely, she kissed him.

And boy gee wilikers that boy could kiss back.

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><p>AN: Emily's turn next.

End  
file.